

The convention will be held in Co-shooton June 29.

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May 29 In American History.
1796—Patrick Henry, orator of the Revolution, born; died 1799.
1877—John Lathrop Motley, historian, died; born 1814.
1909—Destructive and fatal windstorm in the middle west, notably Oklahoma, Minnesota and Texas.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.
(From noon today to noon tomorrow.)
Sun sets 7:18, rises 4:28; moon rises 12:10 a. m.; 7:42 a. m., moon at greatest libration east; noon today, planets Mars and Neptune in conjunction; 11 p. m., planet Mercury at aphelion, farthest from sun; 11:25 p. m., Halley's comet sets.

May 30 In American History.
1908—First general celebration of Soldiers' Memorial day.
1887—Major Ben: Perley Moore, journalist and author, died; born 1829.
1908—The emergency currency bill passed and signed by the president.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.
(From noon today to noon tomorrow.)
Sun sets 7:19, rises 4:27; moon rises 12:47 a. m.; 11:29 p. m., Halley's comet sets.

GREAT WAR COMET OF 1861 A BEAUTY

The wonderful war "comet" of 1861 springs suddenly into view and blazes with such unexampled brilliancy as to astonish the astronomers and frighten those unlearned in cometary lore half out of their wits. The unlearned declared that the Civil War, which was just getting well under headway, must have something to do with it. However this may be, it burst forth, unannounced and uninvited, shining with greater brilliancy and magnitude than any phenomena of similar nature which that generation had ever seen.

On the night of July 3 of that year it exhibited a most wonderful spectacle. In the evening the nucleus did not appear to be larger than a star in the first or second magnitude. As the small hours of the morning approached, however, the nucleus visibly increased in both magnitude and brilliancy. The tail waved back and forth over our little world in a most threatening manner, at times sending rays almost to the zenith. On the morning of July 5 the astronomers announced through the daily papers that the head of the great comet was only separated from the earth by a distance of 12,000,000 miles.

On Oct. 10 its tail extended over a space of 50,000,000 miles in width. At first it was generally conceded that it was the famous comet of 1556, the one which caused the famous Emperor Charles V. to resign his imperial throne. It took it to be a warning from God. All surmises were subsequently set to rest by the discovery that it was the famous Thatcher comet, discovered by Prof. A. F. Thatcher at the Rutherford Observatory in New York City.

This is the comet whose tail the earth passed through without anybody's knowledge until it was flamed up by the astronomers long after the event.

ANOTHER GOOD WELL IS FOUND NEAR BREMEN

Making Close to the 100-Barrel Mark—Great Expectations Pays 600 Per Cent in 100 Days.

The well drilled in on the James Brinkardner farm in Jackson township by Center and Fisher is proving to be among the very top in the state.

Dyspeptics Suffered from indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, nausea, acid, and other troubles. They are cured by the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Dyspeptic Cure. It is a small, pleasant, and powerful medicine, and is sold by all druggists. It is made by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Democratic Congressional Ticket

For Congress
W. A. ASHBROOK.
Democratic County Ticket
W. D. FULLON.
Prosecuting Attorney
PHILIP R. SMYTHE.
Treasurer
WILLIAM LINKE.
Recorder
J. W. RICHMOND.
Recorder
J. M. FAIRMER.
Auditor
C. L. ELLY.
Commissioners
JOSEPH BROWN, JR.
S. L. JACOBSON.
G. E. TAYLOR.
CHAS. W. JACOBSON.
EDWIN M. JACOBSON.
Sergeant
FRANK S. KELLY.
Deputy Sheriff
JAMES H. KELLY.
Deputy Sheriff
JOHN W. KELLY.
Deputy Sheriff
JOHN W. KELLY.

as the well is not drilled on the Brinkardner farm, it is not a big producer. It is a small well, and its production is not large. It is a small well, and its production is not large. It is a small well, and its production is not large.

The Capital company, located on the Gordon farm, in Jackson township, reports its well No. 1 on this date to have been greatly improved by the second shot and now claims this well is among the five producers of the Jackson City field.

The B. and O. company is still fishing for the string of tools in the well No. 2 on the Baldwin farm in the Bremen field.

The old Bremen company drilled in its well No. 12 and passed all stages of new being met with the lead in this company, as it is the present producer of 12 good wells in the Bremen field. The last well is said to be a good one for better than 100 barrels per day.

The Capital company is arranging to at once start a well on the Johnson farm, in Jackson township, just across the line from the big well drilled in some days ago on the Jas. Brinkardner farm.

The Southern company will drill a well in the near future on the Robert J. Snider farm to offset the well on the James Brinkardner farm, which is only a short distance from the line.

The Holiday company is reported to be making preparations to start a well on the Brinkardner farm, in Jackson township, within a short time.

The Craswell company is drilling up well No. 1, getting ready to start drilling at once. Contractor Murphy will do the drilling on this well.

The Southern company is progressing nicely with its well No. 1 on the Philip J. Smith farm, in Jackson township.

The last well drilled in on the St. Joseph's farm in Reading township is reported to be making better than 75 barrels of oil per day. This is the first well that has struck oil in paying quantities, as the others all crossed in to loss or danger. It is reported that the new well drilled by this company will be on the Elder farm, adjoining this well.

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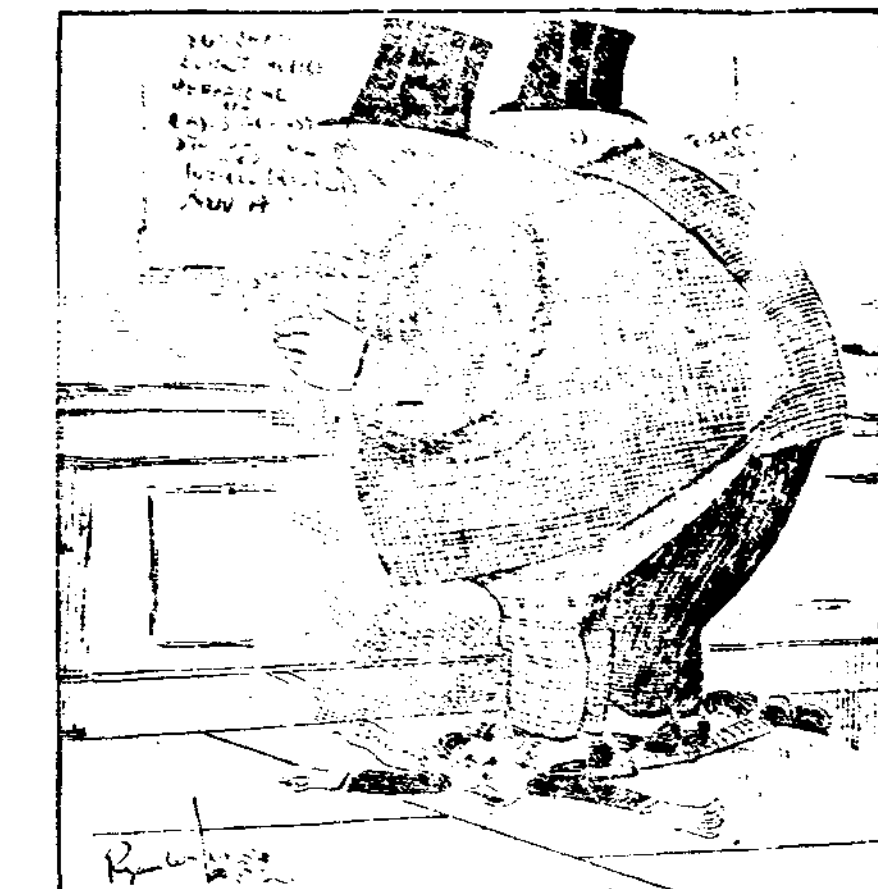
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JUST WHERE THEY STAND.



A WREATH ON LINCOLN'S TOMB

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

LAST year saw Lincoln's triumph. O'er his tomb
The century plant of fame burst into bloom,
And all the earth was filled with its perfume.

IT was most meet that in that selfsame year
The skies above his land should wholly clear
And the last clouds of section disappear.

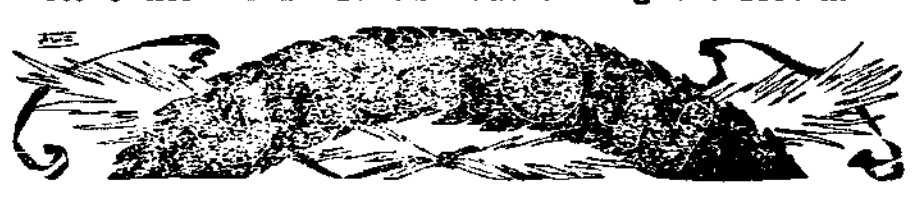
FOR that was his own dream. He sought to write
But one word—"Union." On the future's height
It now is written in eternal light.

WHATEVER stress of madness or of crime
Shall rack the world, that covenant sublime
Is now secure through all the storms of time.

AND one who sits today in Lincoln's seat
Has made the bonds of union more complete,
Has made the name of union yet more sweet.

THE new time over all the land is born;
Over the cotton's snow and silken corn
The north and south clasp hands and face the morn.

O'ER blue and gray strew flowers with love's perfume
And for a wreath to strew on Lincoln's tomb
Weave the word "Union" out of fragrant bloom.



THREE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE SENATOR WILLIAM LORIMER BRIBERY SCANDAL



SENATOR LORIMER CHARLES A. WHITE LEE O'NEILL BROWN

REVOLUTION IN THE NAVY.

Meyer Reorganization an Accomplished Fact.

FIGHTING SHIPS FIT FOR WAR.

Repair Shops on Board—Another Morgan-Guggenheim Scandal—The Saving of Tawney's Scalp—New Attack on Winona Speech—The Presidential Red Necktie.

Washington, May 30.—The house of representatives is not the only institution in Washington that has been revolutionized. There is the navy department. In the bareheaded days of the naval ring any one who had predicted a revolution in the navy would have been set down as a dreamer of dreams. Yet one George von Leugerke Meyer, wartime ambassador at various courts, still later postmaster general and at present secretary of the navy, has done that very thing and has made the noise about it. It is true that there has been noise made during the process, but it has come from the other side. Meyer has been gratifyingly quiet. As a result of his activities the efficiency, preparedness and spirit of the navy have been increased and the cost of running it has been lessened. One of the most notable of the reforms is the installation of a repair shop on every vessel so that repairs can be made at sea. Another is that the vessels are overhauled at stated periods, the effect of the two changes being to keep the ships in constant trim. The cost of coal and oil has been reduced, sometimes as much as 40 to 50 per cent; also the cost of making fresh water. All the officers of the navy have been consulted, and where possible their suggestions have been accepted. Thus the ships have been put into a state of constant readiness, and the men have been made more enthusiastic. This overhauling has not been accomplished without opposition. Old time navy officials have kicked, and members of congress have grumbled. Despite all the grouches, the work of reform has gone forward. Now it is practically complete and is receiving universal praise. More than ever in its history the navy is fit for war.

The Morgan-Guggenheims Again.

The latest Alaskan scandal is not connected with the Ballinger investigation, but is most decidedly related to the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. It concerns the removal of the United States attorney and marshal for Alaska, the allegation being that these removals were brought about by the Morgan-Guggenheim people. It appears that the syndicate was desirous of a certain pass for a railroad and that local capitalists got there first. Thereupon the syndicate seized the pass by force of arms, and one or two people were killed in the process. Prosecutions were started, and the United States attorney and marshal were going after the men higher up in the syndicate. It was at this juncture that they were removed and two other men appointed. Telegrams began to pour into Washington that the new appointments were dictated by the Morgan-Guggenheim people, and as a result Senators Nelson, Borah and O'Connell were appointed a subcommittee to investigate the matter. The case recalls the charge that James R. Gardfield was kept out of the cabinet by the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate.

New Use of the Winona Speech.

The amendment appropriating \$100,000 for an economy board to reduce expenses in the various government departments was killed in a rather peculiar manner. The author of the amendment was Chairman Tawney of the appropriations committee. Macon of Arkansas was making a speech in which he stated that the gentlemen of the majority were afraid to go home and face their constituents and so were prolonging the session "in the hope that things will blow over."

Tawney retorted that Macon, who was recently renominated, was a short time ago in the same boat. This made the gentleman from Arkansas wrathful, and he went after Tawney.

"I will ask the gentleman from Minnesota," he shouted, "if he was afraid when the president of the United States, at the expense of the American people and using an appropriation of \$25,000 for traveling expenses, went all the way to Winona to speak in that district? Was he afraid?"

"No president was ever called upon to go to any place at the expense of the people to save my soul."

After the laughter and applause had subsided Tawney waved the attack aside, but the amendment was done for. Macon's thrusts had killed it.

Taft a Courageous Dresser.

There are places where red neckties go with frock coats, but Washington is not supposed to be one of them. A gentleman who is noted as being rather careless in sartorial matters recently appeared at a White House lawn party in that particular getup, however, to the consternation of his wife and daughter, who had charged him to wear a petri gray necktie. The feminine social voice criticisms were continued until the wearer of the red was growing slightly uncomfortable, but his embarrassment was suddenly changed to joy on beholding President Taft strolling down the walk in a frock coat and a tie even more flamingly red than his own.

After Housecleaning
Lay aside the scrub brush; take up the paint brush. Scrubbing merely prepares the wood-work. The real thing to give it new life and lustre is
SPARTAN STAIN THE FAULTLESS FINISH
Select your own color scheme; be your own judge, or let us judge for you—as you like. The main thing is to see that you get Spartan Stain and beautify your home. Spartan Stain gives longer life and greater beauty to chairs, stairs, floors, doors and all wood-work.
Learn to Grate with Spartan Stain.
Newark Paint Co.
31 W. CHURCH ST.

Put Your Pay in Your Bank Book

The best way to save money. Keep a little out of the pay envelope for pocket money, then put the rest in this bank and pay your bills by check. Money in the bank is not easily spent for unnecessary and remains until a time of need comes to you. Then you will be glad you have your bank account. Checks are given you free. It costs you nothing to have your money kept safe for you.

THE LICKING COUNTY BANK AND TRUST CO.
SAFETY AND FOUR PER CENT.

FARMER INSTITUTES

The State Board of Agriculture requests all persons who desire to have a Farmers' Institute in their community to make application as soon as possible. The board contemplates placing many of the institutes at new places this year, so as to reach, if possible, some of those farmers who have not heretofore been in close touch with this work. It is expected that all speakers at institutes the coming season will be equipped with maps, charts, photographs, chemicals and other apparatus to demonstrate their work.

BEE INSPECTION.
Under the new law the Ohio Department of Agriculture will be required to make inspection of all apiaries in Ohio.

Green Seal Paint at Elliott's.
28-31

RIGHT NOW.
After a long hard winter is the time to cure your colds, cough and catarrh. But how, you inquire, can this be done? This victory over disease, won? Why, Bentley's White Lily is always sure not to prevent, cure, but cure. Established 1876. 25c. All druggists. 4-5-5m

REFUSES

(Continued from Page 1.)

electors, under the sanction of law. Many of them are already elected. I have felt, and still feel, that, as I may myself be honored by the convention, I should not attempt to control its action in other respects, even if I could, but should trust to the judgment of a thousand direct representatives of the Democratic voters as likely to be better than my own, though I owe them what ever benefit there may be in the knowledge of it.

If the subject was to be taken up at all it should have been done at the primary. Failing that, I should have been included in the call for the election of delegates. For the convention now to take it up would produce discord and lead to charges of bad faith and snap judgment on an occasion to which all Democrats look forward with gladness and hope. And if, nevertheless, the people should elect a Democratic legislature, abundant excuses would be afforded to members for refusing to be bound by the action of the convention.

"Mr. Bryan's opinion is always entitled to the greatest respect, but I am confident that his long absence has made him unfamiliar with the present peculiar conditions in Ohio, and that if he knew them, as they are known here, he would see the good policy of omitting the senatorship from consideration by the convention."

"Nobody has been mentioned as the first Democratic senator from Ohio for many years, who would not worthily represent the people of the state, and with public sentiment as it is, nobody can hope to be considered who would not so represent them."
JUDSON HARMON.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Boars the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

Kellogg's
Toasted
Rice
Flakes
and Toasted Rice Biscuit
The World's Best Food—in most delicious forms. Used and endorsed by the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Made by The Original Battle Creek Food Co. AT ALL GROCERS
10c

TRUSSES
The kind that satisfy, properly fitted
R. W. SMITH
Druggist
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

HAIR
MAKES BLEACHED
SOFT & STIFF HATS
RENOVATED
WORK
CALLED FOR
NEW YORK
MATTER
111 W. MAIN ST. NEWARK, O. D.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
Laxative, for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, etc.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

TO-NIGHT
Warcare
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
10c 25c 50c

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad
EXCURSIONS
Sunday, June 5
Wheeling \$1 75
Train Leaves 7:35 a. m.
Columbus 75c
Good going and returning on all trains.



(Copyright 1909, by Benj. S. Hampton.)

THE first time we got into conversation was in the National Museum in Naples in the rooms on the ground floor containing the famous collection of bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

He addressed me first. It was over the celebrated Resting Hermes, whom we had been admiring side by side. He said the right thing about that wholly admirable piece. Nothing profound. His taste was natural rather than cultivated.

We had known each other by sight for some few days past. Staying in the same hotel—good but not extravagantly up to date—I had noticed him in the vestibule going in and out. I judged he was an old and valued client. The bow the hotelkeeper treated him to was cordial in its deference, and he acknowledged it with familiar courtesy. For the servants he was Il Conte.

Having conversed at the Museo (and by the by, he had expressed his dislike of the busts and statues of Roman Emperors in the gallery of marbles; those faces were too inglorious, too pronounced for him). Having conversed already in the morning, I did not think I was intruding when in the evening, finding the dining room very full, I proposed to share his little table. To judge by the quiet urbanity of his manner he did not think so either. His smile was very sympathetic.

He had tried various climates, of Abbaia, of the Riviera, of other places too, he told me, but the only one which suited him was the climate of the Gulf of Naples. The ancient Romans, he pointed out to me, who were men expert in the art of living, knew very well what they were doing when they built their villas on these shores. In Baia, in Vico, in Capri. They came down to this seaside to get health, bringing with them their mimes and flute players to amuse their leisure. He thought it extremely probable that the Romans of the higher classes were extremely subject to painful rheumatic affection.

This was three years ago, and ever since he had taken up his quarters on the shores of the gulf, either in one of the hotels in Sorrento or hiring a small villa in Capri. He had a piano, a few books, picked up transient acquaintances of a day, week, or month in the stream of travelers from all Europe.

It must not be imagined that he was a wearisome hypochondriac. He was really much too well bred to be a nuisance. He had an eye for the small weaknesses of humanity. But it was a good-natured eye. He made a restful, easy, pleasant companion for the hours between dinner and bedtime. We spent three evenings together, and then I had to leave Naples in a hurry to see a friend who had fallen gravely ill in Taormina. Having nothing to do, the Count came to see me off at the station. I was somewhat upset, and his idleness was always ready to take a kindly form. He was by no means an indolent man.

My friend's illness having taken a decidedly favorable turn, I returned to Naples on the tenth day. I cannot say I had given much thought to the Count during my absence, but upon entering the dining room I looked for him in his habitual place. I had an idea he might have gone back to Sorrento to his piano and his books and his fishing. He was great friends with all the boatmen, and fished a good deal with lines from a boat. But he was still there. I made out his white head in the crowd of heads, and even from a distance noticed something unusual in his attitude. Instead of sitting erect, gazing all round with serene urbanity, he seemed to droop over his plate. I stood opposite him for some time before he looked up, a little wildly, if such a strong word can be used in connection with his correct appearance.

"Ah, my dear sir! Is it you?" he greeted me. "I hope all is well."

He was very nice about my friend. Indeed he was always nice, with the niceness of people whose hearts are genuinely humane. But this time it cost him an effort. His attempts at general conversation broke down into dullness. It occurred to me that he might have been indisposed. But before I could frame the inquiry he muttered:

"You find me here very sad."

"I am sorry for that," I said. "You haven't had bad news, I hope?"

It was very kind of me to take an interest. No. It was not that. No bad news, thank God. And he became very still, as if holding his breath. Then, leaning forward a little, and in an odd tone of awed embarrassment, he took me into his confidence.

"The truth is that I have had a very—a very—how shall I say?—abominable adventure happen to me."

The energy of the epithet was sufficiently startling in that man of moderate feelings and toned down vocabulary. The word unpleasant I should have thought would have fitted amply the worst experience likely to befall a man of his stamp. And an adventure, too. Incredible. But it is human nature to believe the worst; and I confess I eyed him steadily, wondering what he had been up to. In a moment, however, my unworthy suspicions vanished. There was a fundamental refinement of nature about the man, which made me dismiss all ideas of some more or less disreputable scrape.

"It is very serious, very serious," he went on, nervously. "I will tell you after dinner, if you will allow me?"

In the smoking-room he did not hang back at all. Directly we had taken our usual seats, he leaned sideways over the arm of his chair and looked straight into my eyes earnestly.

"You remember," he began, "that day you went away? I told you then I would go to the Villa

Nazionale to hear some music in the evening?" I remembered. His handsome old face, so fresh for his age, unmarked by any trying experience, appeared haggard to me for an instant. It was like the passing of a shadow. Returning his steadfast gaze, I took a sip of my black coffee. He was very systematically minute in his narrative, simply in order not to let his excitement get the better of him.

After leaving the railway station he had an ice and read the paper in a cafe. Then he went back to the hotel, dressed for dinner, and dined with a good appetite. After dinner he lingered in the hall (there were chairs and tables there) smoking his cigar; talked to the little daughter of the Primo Tenore of La Scala theatre, and exchanged a few words with that "amiable lady," the wife of the Primo Tenore. There was no performance that evening and these people were going to the Villa also. They went out of the hotel. Very well.

But at the moment of following their example—it was half past nine already—he remembered he had a rather large sum of money in his pocketbook. He entered, therefore, the office and deposited the greater part of it with the bookkeeper of the hotel. This done, he took a caravella and drove to the seashore. He got out of the cab, and entered the Villa on foot from the Largo di Vittorio end.

He started at me very hard. And I understood then how really impressive he was. Every small fact and event of that evening stood out in his memory as if endowed with a mystic significance. If he did not mention to me the color of the pony which drew the caravella, and the aspect of the man who drove, it was a mere oversight arising from his agitation, which he repressed manfully.

He had then entered the Villa Nazionale from the Largo di Vittoria end. The Villa Nazionale is a public pleasure ground, laid out in grass plots, bushes, and flower beds, between the houses of the Riviera di Chiaja and the waters of the bay. Alleys of trees, more or less parallel, stretch its whole length—which is considerable. On the Riviera di Chiaja side the electric tram cars run close to the railings. Between the garden and the sea is the fashionable drive, a broad road bordered by a low wall beyond which the Mediterranean splashes with gentle murmurs when the weather is fine.

As life goes on late in the night at Naples, the broad drive was all astir with a brilliant multitude of carriage lamps moving in pairs, some creeping slowly, others running rapidly under the rather thin, motionless line of electric lamps defining the shore. And a brilliant multitude of stars hung above the land, humming with voices, piled up with houses, all astir with lights and the silent, flat shadows of the sea.

The gardens themselves are not very well lit. Our friend progressed in the warm gloom with his eyes fixed upon a distant and luminous region extending nearly across the whole width of the Villa as if the air had glowed there with its own cold, bluish but dazzling light. This magic spot behind the black trunks of trees and masses of inky foliage breathed out sweet sounds, bursts of brassy roar with sudden clashes of metal and grave, vibrating thuds.

As he walked on, all these noises combined together into a piece of elaborate music whose harmonious phrases came persuasively through a great disorderly murmur of voices and shuffling of feet on the gravel of that open space. An enormous crowd immersed in the electric light, as if in a bath of some radiant and tenuous fluid shed upon their heads by luminous globes, drifted in its hundreds round the band. Hundreds more sat on chairs, in more or less concentric circles, receiving without flinching the great waves of sonority that ebbed out into the darkness. The Count penetrated the throng, drifted with it in tranquil enjoyment, listening and looking at the faces.

Withdrawing from the throng, the Count shared a little table in front of the cafe building with a young man of a South Italian type. Our friend had some lemonade. The young man was sitting moodily before an empty glass. He looked up once and then looked down again. He also tilted his hat forward. Like this . . . The Count made the gesture of a man pulling his hat down over his brow, and went on.

"I think to myself: he is sad. Something is wrong with him. Young men have their troubles. I take no notice of him, of course. I pay for my lemonade, and go away."

Strolling about in the neighborhood of the band, the Count thinks he saw that young man twice in the crowd. He was alone. Once their eyes met. It must have been the same young man, but there were so many of that type there that he could not be certain.

Presently, tired of the feeling of confinement one experiences in a crowd, the Count edged away from the band. An alley, very somber by contrast, presented itself invitingly, with its promise of solitude and coolness. He entered it, walking slowly on till the sound of the orchestra became distinctly deadened. Then he walked back and turned about again. He did this several times before he noticed that there was somebody on one of the benches. The spot being midway between two lamp posts, the light was faint.

The man lolled back in the corner of the seat, his legs stretched out, with his arms folded, and his head drooping on his breast. He never stirred, as though he had fallen asleep there, but when the Count passed by, he had changed his attitude. He sat leaning forward. His elbows were propped on his knees, and his hands were rolling a cigarette. He never looked up from that occupation.

The Count continued his stroll away from the band. He returned slowly, he said. I can imagine him enjoying to the full, but with his usual tranquillity, the balminess of this southern night, and the sounds of music softened delightfully by the distance.

Presently he made out the man on the garden seat still leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. It was a dejected pose. In the semi-obscurity of the alley his high shirt collar and his cuffs made small patches of vivid whiteness. The Count said that he just noticed him in a casual way setting up brusquely, as if to walk away, but almost before he was aware of it, the man stood before him asking in a low, almost melancholy

tone whether the Signor would have the kindness to oblige him with a light.

The Count answered this request by a polite "Certainly" and dropped his hands with the intention of exploring both pockets of his trousers for the matches.

"I dropped my hands," he said, "but I never put them in my pockets. I felt a pressure there."

He put the tip of his fingers on a spot close under his breastbone, the very spot of the human body where a Japanese gentleman begins the operation of the harikiri, which is a form of suicide following dishonor, upon an intolerable shock to the delicacy of one's feelings.

"I glance down," he continued in an awe-struck voice, "and what do I see? A knife! A long knife!"

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed amazed, "that you have been attacked like this in the Villa at half past ten o'clock within a stone's throw of fifteen hundred people?"

He nodded several times, staring at me with all his might.

"The clarinet," he declared solemnly, "was finishing his solo, and I assure you I heard every note. Then the band crashed fortissimo, and that creature rolled his eyes, and gnashed his teeth, hissing at me with the greatest ferocity. 'Be silent! No noise or—'"

I could not get over my astonishment.

"What sort of knife was it?" I asked stupidly.

"A long blade. A stiletto—perhaps a kitchen knife. A long, narrow blade. It gleamed. And his eyes gleamed. His white teeth, too. I could see them. He was very ferocious. I thought to myself: If I hit him he will kill me. How could I fight with him? He had the knife, and I had nothing. I am nearly seventy, and this is a young man. I seemed even to recognize him. The moody young man of the cafe. The young man I met in the crowd. But I could not tell. There are so many like him in this country."

The distress of that moment was reflected in his face. I should think that, physically, he must have



"Ah! So You Had Gold on You—You Old Birba—You Furfante!"

been paralyzed by surprise. His thoughts, however, must have been extremely active. They ranged over every alarming possibility. The idea of setting up a vigorous shouting occurred to him, too. But he did nothing of the kind, and the reason why he refrained gave me a good opinion of his mental alertness. He reflected that nothing prevented the other from shouting, too.

"This young man might in an instant have thrown down his knife and pretended I was the aggressor. Why not? He might have said I attacked him. Why not? It was one in a million chance against another! He might have said anything—bringing some horrible charge against me—what do I know? By his dress he was no common robber. He seemed to belong to the better classes. What could I say? He was an Italian—I am a foreigner. Of course I have a passport and there is our consul—but to be arrested, flagged at night to the police office like a criminal!"

He shuddered. It was in his character to shrink from scandal more than from mere death. And certainly for many people this would have a vast remained—considering certain peculiarities of Neapolitan manners—a dreadfully queer story. The Count was no fool. His belief in the respectability of life having received this rude shock he thought that now anything might happen. But also a notion came into his head that this young man was perhaps merely an experienced lunatic.

"But what did you do?" I asked, greatly excited.

"Nothing," answered the Count. "I let my hands hang down very still. I told him quietly I did not intend making a row. He started like a dog, then said in an ordinary voice:

"Vostro portafoglio!"

"So I naturally," continued the Count—and from this point acted the whole thing in pantomime. Holding me with his eyes, he went through all the motions of reaching into his inside breast-pocket, taking out the pocketbook, and handing it over. But that young man, still being steady on the knife, refused to touch it.

He directed the Count to take the money out himself, received it into his left hand, rattled the pocketbook to be sure it was empty, and then, this being done to the satisfaction of the Count, he sustained by the emotional drone of the harp's And the "young man," as the Count called him, said: "This seems very little."

"It was indeed only 340 or 360 lire," the Count pursued. "I had left much of my money in the hotel, as you know. I told him that was all I had on me. He shook his head impatiently and said: 'Vostro exell!'"

The Count went through the dumb show of pulling out his watch, detaching it, presenting it. But as it happened, the valuable gold timepiece he possessed had been left at a watchmaker's for cleaning. He wore that evening (on a leather strap) the Waterbury fifty-francs thing he used to take on his fishing expeditions. Perceiving the nature of this booty, the well-dressed robber made a contemptuous clicking sound with his tongue like this, "Tee-ah," and waved it away hastily. Then as the Count was returning the disdained object to his pocket, he demanded with a threateningly increased pressure of the knife on the epigastrium by way of reminder:

"Vostro orologio!"

"One of the rings," went on the Count, "was given me many years ago by my wife; the other is the signet ring of my father. I said, 'No.' That you will not have!"

Here the Count reproduced the gesture corresponding to that declaration by clapping one hand upon the other and pressing both against his chest. It was touching in its patient resolution. "That you will not have," he repeated firmly, and closed his eyes, fully expecting—I don't know whether I am doing right by recording that such an unpleasant word had passed his lips—fully expecting to feel himself being—I really hesitate to say—being dis-

ting for his *risotto*. And his mind reverted to his abominable adventure.

He thought of the moody, well-dressed young man with whom he had exchanged glances in the crowd around the band stand and who, he felt confident, was the robber. Would he recognize him again? Doubtless. But he did not want to ever see him again. The best thing was to forget this humiliating episode.

He looked round anxiously for the coming of his *risotto*, and there to the left against the wall—there was the young man! He sat alone at a table with a bottle of some sort of wine or syrup and a carafe of iced water before him. The smooth olive cheeks, the red lips, the little jet-black mustache turned up gallantly, and the fine black eyes, a little heavy and shaded by long eyelashes, that peculiar expression of cruel discontent which is met in all its force only in the busts of some Roman emperors—it was he, no doubt at all. But that was a type. The Count looked away hastily. The young officer over there reading a paper was like that, too. Same type. Two young men farther away playing drafts also resembled—

The Count lowered his head with the fear in his heart of being everlastingly haunted by the vision of that young man. He began to eat his *risotto*. Presently he heard the young man on his left call the waiter in a bad-tempered tone.

At the call not only his own waiter, but two other idle waiters belonging to quite a different set of tables, rushed toward him with obsequious alacrity which is not the general characteristic of the waiters in the Cafe Umberto. The young man muttered something and one of the waiters, walking rapidly to the nearest door, called out loudly into the Galleria, "Pasquale." He is the old fellow who, shuffling between the tables, offers for sale cigars, cigarettes, picture postcards, matches to the clients of the cafe. He is an engaging scoundrel. The Count knew Pasquale. He saw the gray-haired, unshaven, sallow ruffian come in his shabby clothes, the glass case hanging from his neck by a leather strap, and at a word from the waiter make his shuffling way with a sudden spurt to the young man's table. The young man was in need of a cigar, with which Pasquale served him, fawningly. The old peddler was going out when the Count, on a sudden impulse, beckoned to him.

He approached, his smile of deferential recognition combining oddly with the ironic, searching expression of the eyes. Leaning his case on the table, he lifted the glass lid without a word. The Count took a box of cigarettes and, urged by a fearful, aimless curiosity, asked casually:

"Tell me, Pasquale, who is that young signore over there?"

The other bent his box at once. "That, Signor Conte," he said, beginning to rearrange his wares busily, and without looking up once—"that is a young cavalier of a very good family from Bari. He studies in the university and is the chief capo of an association of young men—of very nice young men."

He paused and then, with mingled discretion and pride of knowledge, murmured the word "*camorra*" and shut down the lid. "A very powerful *camorra*," he breathed out. "The professors themselves respect it greatly. It is *una lira e cinquanta centesimi*, Signor Conte."

Our friend paid. While Pasquale was making up the change he observed that the young man of whom he had heard so much in so very few words was watching the transaction covertly. After the old vagabond had withdrawn, with a bow, the Count settled with the waiter and sat still. A numbness, he told me, had come over him.

The young man paid, too, got up and crossed over, apparently for the purpose of looking at himself in the mirror a little behind and at right angles to the Count's seat. He was all in black, with a dark green bow tie. The Count looked round and was startled by meeting a vicious glance out of the corners of the other's eyes. The young cavalier from Bari according to Pasquale (but Pasquale is, of course, an accomplished liar) went on arranging his tie, settling his hat before the glass, and meantime he spoke just loud enough to be heard by the Count. He spoke through his teeth with the most insulting venom of contempt, gazing straight into the mirror.

"Ah! So you had gold on you—you old birba—you furfante. But you are not done with me yet." The fendishness of his expression vanished like lightning and he lounged out of the Cafe with a moody, impassive face.

The poor Count when telling me this trembled and fell back in his chair. His forehead broke into perspiration. There was an extravagance of wantonness in this outrage which appalled even me. What it was to the Count's delicacy I can't even imagine. I am sure that if he had not been too refined, too correct, to do such a blatantly vulgar thing as dying from apoplexy in a cafe, he would have had a fatal stroke there and then. But, irony apart, my great difficulty was to keep him from seeing the extent of my commiseration. He shrank from every excessive sentiment and my commiseration was practically unbounded. It did not surprise me to hear that he had been in bed two days. Then he got up to make his arrangements for leaving Southern Italy at once.

And he was convinced that he could not live a whole twelve months in any other climate.

No argument I could advance had any effect. It was not fear, though he did say to me once, "You do not know what a *camorra* is, my dear sir. I am a marked man." He was not afraid of what could be done to him. To be so marked hurt his delicate conception of life's ease and serenity. He couldn't stand it. No Japanese gentleman hurt in his exaggerated sense of honor could have gone about his preparations for *harikiri* with greater steadiness of purpose. For it really amounted to that with the Count. He was going and there was an end of it. He was going the very next day—to die on his estate. I suppose, from the excessive infamy of that outrage staining life itself—as it was.

There is a saying of Neapolitan patriotism intended for the information of foreigners I presume: "See Naples and then die." It is a saying of excessive vanity, and everything excessive was abhorrent to the nice moderation of Il Conte. Yet as I was seeing him off at the railway station, I thought he was behaving with singular fidelity to his concealed spirit. He had seen Naples. He had seen it completely. He had seen it with a startling and excessive thoroughness. He had seen more than his niceness could stand. He had nothing else to see. He had seen—and now he was going to his grave. He was going to it by the International Sleeping Car Company's train de luxe via Trieste and Vienna. As the four long, bomber carriages pulled out of the station I raised my hat with a queer sensation of it being a tribute of respect to a funeral cortege. His profile, much aged already and stonily still, glided away behind the lighted pane of glass. *Vedi Napoli e poi muori.*

PEOPLE'S PULPIT...



Sermon by
CHARLES T. RUSSELL,
Pastor Brooklyn
Tabernacle.

PASTOR RUSSELL HOMEWARD BOUND

"As the Waters Cover the
Great Deep" (Isaiah xi, 9).

Pastor Russell is returning to America in good condition after having addressed the public of Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Warsaw, Russia, Rome and Jerusalem in all forty times. His largest audiences were at London, about 7,000, with Glasgow a good second.

Mid-Ocean, May 29.—As I look abroad and see water, water everywhere, without a speck of land in sight, and as I reflect that we are passing over varying depths, some of which are as great as five miles, I am reminded of the promise in the Lord's Word that ultimately the whole earth, the world of mankind, shall have such an abundant knowledge of the Creator and the Redeemer, as to be fully illustrated by the depths of the sea. I have therefore chosen as my text the words: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." I remember also the very similar promise by the Lord through the Prophet (Isaiah xli, 14): "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." I am reminded also of the Prophet's declaration that the time will come when "Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess" (Isaiah xlv, 23). And again "That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth: And that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." And I am also reminded that in that day, "They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord" (Jeremiah xxxi, 34). The question properly arises, To what extent shall we consider these statements literally true? What kind of fulfillment should we expect them to have?

If we look out upon the heathen world, however sympathetic we may be in respect to foreign missionary work, doing all in our power to make known to the heathen the grace of God, and the great Redeemer, we are nevertheless compelled to admit that there is absolutely no hope of our ever causing every knee to bow, and every tongue to confess Christ in heathen lands, even as we have long ago given up hope of accomplishing such work in civilized lands. The work is too great for us, and the errors of heathendom are too deeply seated to be quickly eradicated. Government statistics show us that there are twice as many heathen today as there were a century ago. If, therefore, any of us had been flatter ourselves respecting our ability to accomplish the conversion of the world, it is time for us to acknowledge our error and to look to the Lord, realizing that in him alone is the world's hope. Doubtless this is just the lesson that the Lord wishes us to learn. He does not wish us to give up our efforts to "do good unto all men as we have opportunity, especially the household of faith," for our own blessing is associated with such activity on behalf of others. But God does wish us to realize that of ourselves we are unable to cope with the situation. He wishes us to realize that only through the establishment of the Kingdom of God's dear Son can the glorious blessings of the Millennium ever be hoped for. Alas! We must admit, and should feel deeply humble by the admission, that even in civilized lands, the number of footstep followers of the Lamb of God is very few. The number who are "walking, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" in civilized lands is very few, in comparison with the population as a whole. We are not in this setting ourselves as judges of the hearts of our fellow-creatures—remarkably few make any pretension to walking in the "narrow way," which alone now leads to life everlasting (Matthew vii, 14).

The Necessity for Knowledge.
Many dear Christian people, desirous of thinking well of the heavenly Father, are so beguiled with the teachings of the past, that they try to imagine that the way to eternal life is not so narrow as the Master said; they try to imagine that somehow the heathen will be saved in their ignorance, notwithstanding the Apostle says, "How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard?" (Romans x, 14). And again, his assurance that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv, 12).

The error from the past which led to this inconsistency is the teaching that all of the heathen are going to eternal torture, and that they never will have an opportunity of accepting Christ in the future. They rebel against the thought which has come down from the dark ages that God foreknew the ignorance of the heathen and provided for their eternal torture; that they should not hear of the only name under heaven or given among men whereby they might be saved and fixed their en-

fronments so that they never heard. The whole difficulty, we see, lies in the fact that God's people in the past have not studied his Word as they should have done. Some of us subscribed to one creed, and some to another, saying to ourselves, Our creed is not satisfactory, but it is probably as free from error as other creeds. We consoled ourselves with the thought that all Christendom was considerably befogged, and we no more than others. Some of us probably tried to satisfy our minds by saying that those features of our creeds which dishonored God, and implied his lack of wisdom, or worse, his willingness but lack of justice, or lack of power—that these things were mysteries which must be believed, although they could not be reconciled with human reason and common sense. Some of us even tried to persuade ourselves that we were exercising extraordinary faith in these matters, but in reality we were merely ignorant of God's Word, and credulous of the wisdom of our creed-makers of the past.

True Light Now Shining.
But now, thank God, "The night is far spent, and the day is at hand" (Romans xiii, 12). "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed" (Romans xiii, 11). The evidence that we are in the morning of the new dispensation multiplies on every hand: We are evidently in the period which the Bible declares as "The day of God's preparation." God is preparing to usher in the long-promised period of blessing and refreshment, which he has foretold through all the holy prophets. The wonderful inventions of our day along the lines of chemistry, steam and electricity are fulfillments of the wonderful "Day of Christ," which is nearing. God's people have failed of great blessings in no sooner noticing this fact. We stood, as it were, with our backs toward the East, looking for the sun to rise in the West; we were looking to our own efforts to convert the world, rather than looking to the Lord from whom alone must come the help. Hence the glow in the East had assumed considerable proportions before we noticed it—and many of our brethren are still looking to the West, and anxiously refuse to turn and follow the dawn of the New Dispensation, which now may be so clearly seen by the eye of faith.

Let us note well the Apostle Peter's words, assuring us that the vision he had on the Mount of Transfiguration made a deep impression upon him. He tells us, nevertheless, that "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts"—the "morning star" (presence of Christ, the "Morning Star").

Knowledge a Necessity.
But admitting the promise of the Scriptures that the knowledge of the Lord shall be worldwide and ocean deep—that every creature shall be brought to an accurate knowledge of the truth, in due time (1 Timothy ii, 4-6), wherefore is the necessity for this? Is knowledge really indispensable to salvation? Is it not written in the Scriptures of the Apostles Peter and John, that "The people perceived that they were ignorant and unlearned men?" If their ignorance and lack of learning did not hinder them from having God's favor, and obtaining salvation through Christ, and even obtaining Apostleship, why should so much stress be laid upon knowledge? Does God really care for knowledge? Has he predetermined that all who would be in his favor must be educated, and that he cares naught for the ignorant? Do we not read to the contrary that, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (1 Corinthians i, 26, 27). "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith?" (James ii, 5).

Very true, we answer. With God the wisdom of this world is foolishness, and with this world, the wisdom of God is foolishness. Knowledge may therefore be viewed from two standpoints. So far as worldly knowledge, commending any man or woman to God, or making any man or woman more fit for divine favor, we believe the contrary to be true. Unhappily we are forced to the conclusion that the great ages of the world are the most destructive agencies in the earth, as respects the Divine revelation, the Bible, and the true knowledge of God, which is essential to salvation and eternal life. We therefore sharply discriminate between earthly knowledge and heavenly knowledge, and between the wisdom of men and the wisdom of God.

Our Lord Jesus gave us the key to this question of the importance of knowledge in relationship to our attainment of eternal life. He said, in praying to the Father, "And this is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John xvii, 3). Only such as attain to this knowledge may have eternal life. Con-

sequently we see at a glance that remarkably few of our race have thus far attained to the degree of knowledge which God would be pleased to recognize. At first this might seem peculiar to us; we might say to ourselves or to others, Why does not God give it out freely to all? The reply of the Scriptures is that God is giving his knowledge freely now to a certain class, and that by and by he will give it to all the families of the earth. This essential knowledge is promised to the faithful in the world. He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. "The secret of the Lord is with them that reverence him, and he will show them his Covenant." "Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear." Such as thus abide in covenant relationship with the Lord Jesus are indeed taught of God in the School of Christ, and may truly grow in grace and knowledge.

A distinction should be observed in knowing about God, and knowing God himself. It is not sufficient that we should recognize God as the Almighty Creator, for devils also believe that. On the other hand, to be intimately acquainted with God means that we must come into intimate fellowship with him, and this means that we must come unto the Father through the Son, by faith. By thus coming to our heavenly Father by an acquaintance with his Word, and through an appreciation of his glorious work, past, present, and future, we get a view of the lengths and breadths, and heights and depths of "love divine, all love exceeding." In proportion as we behold the outline of the Divine character, we perceive our own deficiencies and try the more to rid ourselves of them, and at least manifest to the Lord that our hearts are in harmony with the principles of righteousness.

The Sun of Righteousness.
Very appropriately the Scriptures speak of the present as a night-time. They tell us that now "Darkness covers the civilized earth, and gross darkness the people (Heathendom)." They assure us that now God's people need the lamp of Divine revelation to guide their footsteps until the day dawns. They assure us, however, that the morning will be ushered in by the great Sun of Righteousness—the Christ, the Messiah, Prophet, Mediator, King of Glory.

Now is the Church excluded from this work of shining upon and enlightening the world and scattering its darkness. The Master gave us to understand that the Church with himself will constitute the Sun of Righteousness, which will then arise with healing in its beams. Thus in the parable of the Wheat and Tares, he pictures the entire work of this Gospel Age and its consummation, which, he styles "The harvest—the end of the age." His word respecting the separation of the wheat from the tares is that the wheat shall be gathered into his barn—changed from the earthly to the heavenly nature, and he adds, "Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father." "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." The figure of the rising sun scattering the darkness, ignorance and superstition of the world harmonizes with the other picture, which represents the Kingdom of God superseding the kingdom of Satan, and those deluded by Satan, styled in the Scriptures, the kingdoms of this world.

Be Glad and Rejoice.
We may well sympathize with our forefathers, to whom it was not granted to see as clearly as we may now see the glorious fullness of the Divine purpose to eventually enlighten the whole earth, by causing the knowledge of the glory of God to fill the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep. To us, therefore, is especially applicable the prophetic words, "Be glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create. For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind" (Isaiah lvi, 17). This does the Lord picture the new dispensation in graphic language. The new heavens symbolically represent the Church in its new and glorified condition, exercising superior control over the affairs of mankind. Likewise, the new earth symbolically represents the new social order of things which will be introduced as a part of the New Dispensation. Imperfection is now written upon everything with which men are associated, partly because of our fallen condition through heredity, and partly, as the Scriptures declare, through Satan, the god of this world or age, who now works in the hearts of the children of disobedience—prompting to sin and selfishness, pride and ambition, and in every sense of the word tending to alienate the hearts of men from the ways of righteousness. Moreover, the Adversary is largely responsible for the gross errors of misconception of the Divine character, which during the centuries past have been creeping into the minds of those who were feeling after God, if haply they might find him. All who are of the right spirit, truth seekers, and truth lovers, will be glad to abandon the errors on this subject, which so long have hindered a proper appreciation of the glorious character of our heavenly Father. By reaching us through false doctrines to dread the heavenly Father, the Adversary has implanted in our mind a fear which constitutes a barrier. The Lord speaks of this saying, "Their fear of me is taught by the precept of men" (Isaiah xlviii, 13). Let us then use more diligently than ever before the wonderful Bible which Divine Providence has placed within the reach of all of God's people, that we may know him, learn to know right will mean to us life eternal.

THE LITTLE BRIDGE BURNER.

A Civil War Story.

By F. A. MITCHELL.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"HELLO! You boy, there!"
A boy about twelve years old, hoeing in a field dropped his hoe and came to the rail fence that divided the field from the road. A company of cavalry with one piece of artillery was waiting for him, at the head their captain. It was he who had called the boy. The little fellow climbed the fence, sitting on the top rail with a leg on each side of it. His trousers were rolled above the knees, his brown legs were covered with Georgia clay, his forehead protruded from a rent in a dingy straw hat, no coat covered his galluses, and there was not much shirt. One thing contrasted with the rest—an intelligent countenance and a pair of earnest, restless eyes.

"Seen any Confederates around here to-day?" asked the officer.
"I seen any rebels? No."
"Why do you call them rebels?"
"Dunno, unless that's what pop calls 'em."
"Your pop's Union?"
"Yes; so 'm I." It was a summer afternoon. A mild breeze was stirring the leaves blowing over the plantation, not yet disturbed by war. The officer, unmythical of the peaceful scene, sat on his horse thinking of some matter evidently of great importance to him.

"How far is it to the bridge?" he asked the boy.
"About five mile."
"Straight road?"
"What, to go that from here you uns 'll have to follow this road that a-way"—pointing—"for a matter of ten minutes, then cross the branch by the ford to the left and through a smart stretch of timber. Then you—"

"Come along and show us the way. Get up here behind me."
The officer lifted the boy to a seat behind him and gave the order, "Forward!"
"Haven't heard of any soldiers being at the bridge, have you?"
"No."
"How long since you have heard from it?"

"Pap must 'a' come across it yesterday on his way from the postoffice. He didn't say nothin' about soldiers there." These bluecoats were the tip of the right flank of Sherman's foremost advance. They had been ordered to destroy a bridge provided the Confederates had not guarded it. If they were there the captain had orders to drive them away to effect his purpose.
"Can we see the bridge," he asked the boy, "before we get to it?"
"Yes; from the top of a hill a couple of miles this side."

When they reached the crest indicated there beneath them in the distance was a wooden bridge. The captain brought his fieldglasses to bear and saw that it was not guarded. But scattered about on the undulating ground between him and it were clusters of white tents. He uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"They would eat up our little force," he said to one of his lieutenants.
"I see no artillery, and we've got a gun," replied the other.
"The gun would hinder us if we attack, we'll have to make a dash."
"What y' want to do?" asked the boy.

The captain made no reply. He was absorbed in the idea of some way to carry out his plan, even if he lost every man in his command. The lieutenant told the boy that they wished to burn the bridge.

"I wonder," said the little fellow thoughtfully, "if I could do it." The captain, turned sharply to the proposer of this remarkable plan. A boy to do what armed troops are not to do?
How the officer succeeded in withholding consent to his plan, the captain himself, who it is the story, cannot give a satisfactory account. Combustibles had been sought along, and the most fiery and compact of these were concealed about the boy's person. A bundle of pitch pine was also given him, which in itself would not attract attention in a region where pine is plenty. The captain took his little emissary as far as he dared, then set him down to proceed without attracting attention, gave him a hug and bade him goodby with a fervent "God bless you, my boy!" Then the officer returned to the hilltop and watched.



CAMP OF FRENCH'S BRIGADE, VIRGINIA, 1864.

An hour after a night smoke cloud rose from the bridge.

"By jingo!" he exclaimed, "the little rascal has started it anyway!"
"You mean the little hero?" said the lieutenant. "All now depends upon their not discovering the ure till it is too late."
A tongue of flame dashed up and was followed by another. Then there was a hurrying in one of the camps, and in a few minutes a dozen men mounted and rode to the bridge. Meanwhile a volume of smoke mingled with flame rose from the bridge and floated slowly away. Then figures, minute from a distance, were seen trying to quench the fire. But they had nothing to work with. The bridge burned on, broke in the middle and fell into the stream.

The work accomplished, the captain sent his force back under command of the lieutenant to report the fact to his superior. He remained with a view of getting tidings from the little bridge burner. Darkness was setting in when a spot appeared down the road. It moved but slowly. Suddenly the captain started to meet it. The boy hurried toward him and fell into his arms. Then he noticed that the little fellow's

FELL INTO HIS ARMS, clothing was covered with blood. A Confederate had shot him, not knowing that he was a child, just as he was disappearing in some bushes after accomplishing his work.

The little bridge burner recovered. He was too young to enter the Union army, but the government educated him to command men in its next war.

POULTRY IN HIS BASS DRUM.

Unlucky Drummer Had to Share His Prize With the Colonel.
During the latter years of the war the armies were frequently obliged to make rapid marches without their provision trains and at other times were obliged to pass through devastated regions, where there was not the slightest prospect of obtaining anything in the way of food. As a result of all this the men were constantly devising ways and means of obtaining, securing and transporting food about their persons.

On one of the marches of the Army of the Cumberland the soldiers had orders not to force, but as their rations were rather low it took sharp watching on the part of the officers to prevent the men from foraging when ever the chance presented itself. On one occasion the lone drummer of one of the regimental bands managed to secure two turkeys and six chickens, which he secured in the interior of his bass drum. When they reached camp that evening the band was ordered out to pass for a review that had been arranged on the spot of the moment for a division which other was had arrived on a visit. All this happened before the bass drum, and time to return to his drum, and from the inside of his drum, and of one of the soldiers who gave forth a sound wherever he was, and the drummer, who showed no sign of a drum, but a great prize, he came down to where the bass drum lay, found it and saw it.

"What in heck, back, back, back, you beat that drum under?" he asked.
"Oh, me!" said the drummer in a low, husky voice, "I've got two turkeys and six chickens in my drum, and I'll show you 'em for you!"
"Well, if you've got 'em, you show 'em the colonel and me!"
As a matter of course the drummer subsequently said that he regretted

Raided by General Steedman.
When the time of General Steedman's division of the reserve corps was waving in the face of the rebellion at Chattanooga, he rode out and took the drum from the colonel's band. "Look, boys, go back," he exclaimed, "the drum can't be with you!" It was a man of powerful figure. The line was strengthened and swept on against the foe.

A MEMORIAL DAY REFLECTION.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.
1861.

Ah, there was thrill in the bugle note of the days of yore—
"To arms, to arms!" was the shrill of the fire to state of sword and gun!
And "Come, oh, come!" was the call of the drum—come into the crowding ranks.
And march away to the mortal fray by the Rappahannock's banks!
We were young and erect as we marched then for the great republic's cause.
And we dreamed of fame and a deathless name and the hero's high applause.

1910.
Ah, there is dirge in the tural note of this Memorial day!
And "Death, oh, death!" is the bugle's breath as the music melts away.
But "Come, oh, come!" is the call of the drum—come into the graveyard lone.
And the blossoms, spray as a tribute lay on the soldier's crumbling stone.
We are old men now, the days of our nation's peace,
And we dream no more of the cannon's roar, but of strife and life's success.

MORE "YOUNGEST VETERANS."

Recent Discussion Brings Forward Two Under Sixty.

That highly interesting hero, the "youngest veteran" of the civil war, continues to hold up serenely now and then. He seems to be almost if not quite as numerous as the last survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The surprisingly large number of men still living who upheld the statement frequently made by individuals and proved by the records of the war department that the great conflict was fought and won by boys—young fellows who enlisted in their teens. The records show a preponderance of such early enlistments.

Last March a New York paper printed a brief obituary of the "youngest veteran" who had just died at the age of sixty-two. The editor received a flood of communications from claimants to that distinction. One member of the Brooklyn regiment, claiming to be the "youngest," wrote, "I served two years and six months and am not yet sixty-two." Then I. B. Kelly, living in another part of Greater New York, giving his birth date as Jan. 31, 1848, came forward with the statement "I served under Sheridan and Grant in the Shenandoah valley during the close of the war, and I have a receipt for being on the saddle before I was twenty." The "youngest veteran" of the war was the member of the Brooklyn regiment, who served two years and six months and am not yet sixty-two.

From New Jersey came the claim of David W. Ryan, who served in the old 10th New Jersey Cavalry. A list of young veterans is being compiled by the War Department.

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